MONTEREY NEWS

MARCH 1996
VOLUME XXVI · Number 3

RINK DAY

Saturday, February 17, turned out to be a splendid day for the town's first annual skating celebration in Monterey's new rink. A foot of new snow set the stage for relay races, tennis ball scoop, monster tag, an innovative obstacle course, and our very own clown on ice.

At 2:30 we all gathered to dedicate the rink. We spoke of how fortunate we are to have such a supportive community, which raised more than forty thousand dollars to create this great skating facility, now in regular use and enjoyed by all. A handsome plaque was presented thanking the many individuals and organizations whose generous support got the job done. A framed Monterey townscape donated by Leonard Weber was presented to Virgil Stucker, president of an area community foundation. He gave valuable support to the fund-raising effort.

The party continued through the afternoon, thanks to the efforts of Gould Farm and the Parks Commission. All in all, it was a great day with lots of eating, skating, laughing, and thankfulness.

— Wayne Dunlop

TOM ROSENTHAL

Relay racer Karl Lipsky on his way up the ice. More photos from the rink on page 7.

HOCKEY RAP

The Monterey Cup. Sunday, January 28. The ice was perfect, and the skaters were pumped for this year's Monterey Cup. Four-time Cup winner Carlo Zaffanella's Pittsfield Bruins were back in the match after a two-year absence. Out of Bounds captain Kip Makuc drove from Washington, D.C., to avenge his team's sudden death upset loss in 1995. Defending Cup champs the Blades had to play with captain and last year's MVP Mick Burns in the goal, hobbled by a sore ankle. But the Blades planned to repeat with the addition of Russ Ingersoll's accurate stick and Rick Andrus's kamikazi attacks. Ready to win this year, Otis was counting on its experienced passing trio of Ron Kearin, Dave Stanisz, and Ray White. And Wayne Dunlop's Monterey team was beefed up with Big Ed Ustico.

This year's Cup featured the inauguration of our new digital clock and scoreboard. This big-time state-of-the-art marvel replaced an old wind-up system that was a past source of disputes, as its analog hands were vulnerable to slow-down or speedup by partisan fingers.

The early games of the tournament were a scramble, and the finalists weren't decided until the fifth and last round. As the ice wore down in the playoffs, it was once again the young, fast Out of Bounds team in the finals for the third year, led by

super-smooth skater Kevin Foss. But to the surprise of many, their opponents were the old (average age forty-one), original Blue Hill Rangers, presided over by the indestructible ayatollah of the ice Jim Thomas. In their seventh tournament, the Rangers' experience showed all day, with goals evenly contributed by Tom Morrison, Roger Tryon, and Jed Lipsky. The championship game was a scrap, with both Kip Makuc and John Humphrey playing very solid goal and respective scorers Thomas and Foss skating against double-teaming defenses. Thomas managed to score one early in the first period, and, with Lipsky's bodily sacrifice and Tryon's thrash and crash, the Rangers' defense held on.

But the Bounds wouldn't quit, and, with 27 seconds left in the last period of regulation, Dave Smith went roaring all the way up the ice to stretch in a desperate shot over John Humphrey and send the game into OT. The Rangers were sore and their legs were maxed. The Bounds were feeling a redundant deja vu, in a sudden death situation for the second season. The overtime was all defense and great saves until suddenly (that's why they call it sudden death) Ranger Steve Butenski shot past the right side of the net, scraped the puck off the boards, and powered behind the goal. As Makuc turned his head right, Butenski came out left, pitching a perfect pass to a waiting Jim Thomas, who sent a scalding slapshot into the net. Monterey Cup to the Blue Hill Rangers, 2-1 in OT. Congratulations, Rangers! We'll all be back in '97.

DEAN AMDON

The Blue Hill Rangers, winners of this year's Monterey Cup. L to R, Roger Tryon, John Humphrey, Captain Jim Thomas, Tom Morrison, Jed Lipsky, and Steve Butenski.

The Monterey Jacks. Little old Monterey is playing big-league hockey. The Housatonic Valley Men's League is new this year, and Monterey has fielded a team, the Monterey Jacks. The league plays on the Olympic-size rink at Salisbury School in Salisbury, Connecticut, on Monday and Thursday nights. The Jacks came together on our homemade rink behind the firehouse, where many players met each other over the last few years. Some, like Mick Burns, had never played hockey before. Most hadn't skated since they were kids on ponds. So how are these funky homeboys doing on the big ice with hard pucks and cracking slapshots?

How about first place? Yes. At this writing, the Jacks have taken the regular season with eight wins, five losses, and two ties. This is a serious league whose teams include Canaan, Connecticut (large, obstreperous, Neolithic), Town Hill Salisbury (quick, skillful, college vets), and Claverack, New York (hard-shooting tough guys—a couple are state cops).

So congratulations to Monterey skaters John Humphrey, Dave Stanisz, Mick Burns, Tom Morrison, and Captain Jim Thomas. Otis Jacks include Doug Baker, Ron Kearin, Ray White, and Bill Bailey. Kevin Foss, Andy Menken, and Andy vanLingen are South County Jacks.

Late flash! Jacks over Salisbury Town Hill 6-2 in the semi-finals—no contest! Cannan shakin' on their skates as they look to their final-round game with the Jacks February 29.

— Mark Mendel

The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.

MPLT REPORTS ON McLENDON LAND

"We, the Monterey Preservation Land Trust, in asking the Select Board of Monterey to assign us their right of first refusal on the property of the late Gay Noe McLendon, do hereby state that in the event that the Select Board does vote to do this, we will upon receipt of ownership of the land immediately start the process of imposing a perpetual conservation restriction with the proviso that there will be no residential or commercial development whatsoever on this land." These words were directed to the Select Board and land trust donors, as reassurance of our common commitment to preserving large open spaces.

The statement was handed to the Select Board on Monday night, February 12, an historic day. Our Select Board, after due consideration, then became the first in Western Massachusetts to assign its right of first refusal to a 501 c3 conservation organization in accordance with Chapter 61 of the Massachusetts General Laws. Until now, when presented with a request to waive its option, it has been pretty much a foregone conclusion that a town will do so. Small towns do not have the kind of money required to purchase land. Our Select Board elected to try and find an alternative, and did so. They showed wisdom, foresight, and courage. We are proud of them and owe them a great deal.

The public hearing held by the Selectmen on Saturday, February 10, surpassed our wildest dreams. Support for saving the McLendon property was overwhelming. Not a dissenting voice was

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heard. After Select Board Chairman Stefan Grotz opened the meeting, Andrea Dunlop, President of the MPLT, read a prepared statement of purpose:

We have gathered today as a town to discuss an opportunity—an opportunity which will not come again. In the Monterey Open Space Plans of 1975 and 1989, planners recommended preservation of the large, wild and significant parcels. Carefully planned preservation targets large acreage, while careful growth continues on the smaller lots.

Growth will continue in Monterey. Examination of assessor's maps even now shows more that twenty-five undeveloped lots of less than five acres awaiting a ready builder.

The Monterey Land Trust believes in both careful preservation of land and careful growth. In fact, in May a formal offer to purchase this very land was made for the purpose of preservation.

We propose and request that the Select Board grant us the option to purchase this land. At this time we have raised from 160 supporters over 80% of our goal.

As stewards of this land, we plan to practice careful, gentle forestry, to welcome the public for passive daylight recreation, and to allow hunting by permit. From the proceeds of any timber sale, we pledge to the town a negotiated percentage of our net proceeds.

It is parcels such as this mountainside that preserve the views and natural character of our town. Thank You.

We also presented maps to show the current development situation in Monterey, where there is still a lot of buildable land. Maps also showed what is unbuildable and what has been conserved (not that much, if you don't include Beartown). A map compiled by our Planning Board showed new building over the last twenty years, around 170 houses. (This map was drawn at the request of the Regional Planning Commission, as required by the federal Growth Policy Plan, which every RPC in the state must complete; the data forms part of the criteria for eventual federal funding.) Yet another map was compiled with tender loving care by Gerry Shapiro, who was dismayed to find that the assessors' maps on which she relied were all done to different scale. She persevered, and the completed map is a thing of beauty. It shows every Monterey lot north of Route 23, with our preserved Mount Hunger land colored in suitable green. These maps will be reproduced and available to the public in the town hall.

The fund-raising effort got a vital boost from the superb efforts of Wayne Dunlop, who spent many hours phoning and making house visits. His thoroughness and familiarity with the facts made it clear to everyone he contacted that this was indeed a cause to support.

I'm sure that what follows is unnecessary, because by publication date all pledged money will no doubt be in hand. *But*—just in case, pledgers: letters have gone out requesting that you get your money in fastest. Please take heed, as we are working toward a closing date of mid-March at the latest.

Finally, as Tiny Tim said, "God Bless You Everyone!"

— Joyce Scheffey

NOTICE

The Monterey Select Board announces that March 29, 1996, is the deadline for submission of articles for inclusion on the Warrant of the Annual Town Meeting on May 4, 1996. The deadline for all budget requests is March 15, 1996.

MONTEREY SELECT BOARD
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THE TOWN

Meeting Set on Wilson/ McLaughlin Property. A Special Town Meeting is scheduled for 9 a.m. on Saturday, March 23, in the firehouse. Voters will be asked to appropriate a sum of money to investigate acquisition of the property on New Marlborough Road bequeathed to the town by Edith Wilson and Margery McLaughlin. A second town meeting is anticipated in April, at which voters will be asked to accept or decline the bequest.

Low Salt Diet for Trees. At the January 29 meeting of the Select Board, Roger Tryon requested that the use of road salt be reduced as winter slants toward spring, to protect the health of root systems along the roads. The policy regarding salt is an effort to insure the public safety in balance with environmental concerns. At issue also was responsibility for removal of fallen trees obstructing town roadways. The Board clarified that general tree removal and cleanup is to be accomplished under direction of the Highway Superintendent with town equipment, but that in an emergency when highway department personnel are unavailable, a private contractor should be hired.

Appointments, Services, Duties. Donna Trumbull has been appointed Library Trustee to replace resigning Trustee Eileen Clawson until May 4, 1996, at which time the unexpired term of one year will be filled by town election.

Reappointed to the Cultural Council for terms expiring January 31, 1998, were Maureen Banner, Jason Brown, Lindsay Pontius, and Julie Shapiro. The terms of new members Ann McGinley and Lewis Scheffey expire on that date as well.

The Select Board has contracted with NYNEX for a telephone answering service for the town's 528-1443 number. Services include specifying the phone numbers for town departments and officials, as well as remote message receipt and retrieval.

A proposal has been made to add management of the town's insurance and

— Cont'd over

worker's compensation plans to the Town Secretary's job description. Select Board member Gige O'Connell estimated two hours per week to assure oversight and continuity.

Education Costs May Decrease. Monterey School Committee Representative Jed Lipsky presented a preliminary budget projecting a 3.5% district-wide increase to the Select Board at its meeting on February 12. The projected assessment for Monterey, however, represents a $17,000 *decrease* from 1996 figures, assuming level funding of transportation (since those figures have not yet been received from the Commonwealth).

Committing to Keep Commitments. The Select Board unanimously voted to support the Early Resolution on Local Aid Bill, which was co-sponsored by Senator Swift and Representative Hodgkins, and which is supported in both the House (112) and Senate (16). This resolution, proposed by the Massachusetts Municipal Association, requires the House and Senate to approve local aid resolutions during the month of February, so Cherry Sheets can be distributed to cities, towns, and school districts no later than March 1. In addition, the bill requires that the Commonwealth honor its 1994 commitment to phase out, over a five-year span, the diversion of State Lottery Fund proceeds from the Cherry Sheet Lottery Aid account, and to honor the seven-year school aid commitment made in 1993.

— Dona Burkhart

DAFFODILS

Remember to pick up your daffodils on Wednesday, March 20. It will help Maynard and Gale, who very generously keep the flowers in their cooler at the General Store, and pass them out.

This is the ninth year we have been aiding the American Cancer Society and enjoying California daffodils.

Calling for orders are Paula Boyer, Ruth Champigny, Carol Edelman, Linda Gero, Stephanie Grotz, Kim Hines, Karen Hutson, Jack Jefferson, Maggie Leonard, Tracey Brennan, Neil Orenstein, Elizabeth Pizzichemi, and Cynthia Weber. Coordinating orders is Pat Schoonmaker. Maynard Forbes annually donates daffodils for the elderly and shall again this year. The same crew has been doing this for years. We thank you all—it's a cheerful job.

— Fran Amidon, Chair

HOMEWORK HELP CLINIC

An After-School Homework Help Clinic for students in grades 1 through 12 will be offered at the new SBYA/YMCA Camp Hi-Rock Community Center beginning February 26.

The clinic will be open every Monday and Wednesday, 2–6 p.m. Public school bus transportation to the center will be available. A fee of $20 per week will be charged for participation in the clinic. Financial assistance is available.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS

Citizens of Monterey who are qualified voters and members of the Republican Party are hereby requested to meet in caucus at the firehouse in Monterey on Saturday, March 9, at 1:30 p.m. to nominate candidates for the various town offices to be voted for at the Annual Town Meeting on Saturday, May 4, at the firehouse.

The caucus will be held and is called under the provisions of Chapter 53 of the General laws, and will be called to order by the Chairman of the Republican Town Committee.

— Mark Makuc, Chairman
Republican Town Committee

CABIN FEVER COMMUNITY FAIR

The Cabin Fever Community Fair is coming Saturday, March 23, 4–8:30 p.m. The Farmington River Regional School District and its PTA host this event at the Sandisfield Fire House on Route 57. Admission and entertainment are free.

This year's program includes child entertainment and local musicians. Food will be available with a $2 per plate smorgasbord served, 5:30–7 p.m.

All organizations serving Otis and Sandisfield are invited to participate. Some conduct games and crafts for children, others provide information about their activities, while some sell baked goods and conduct quilt raffles.

There is a Grand Raffle and a Penny Auction with hundreds of items and gift certificates kindly donated by area businesses. Funds raised by the PTA go toward the students' ski program and additional arts and cultural activities.

This community get together is an enjoyable event and a must for anyone thinking of relocating to the area. For additional information call Shannon Pease at 413-258-4894, or Lucie Hobart at 413-269-7173.

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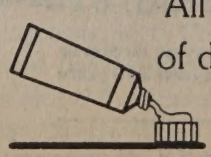

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NEW MARLBOROUGH AND MONTEREY SCHOOL NEWS

The 100th day of school was February 7. We're more than halfway through the school year! In honor of this milestone, each child at NMC traced a foot, then 100 were put up to wind their way around the school, a symbol of how far these children have traveled since the first day of school!

And travel they have—metaphorically and physically. At the end of January, grades 1–4 visited Mt. Everett for "Firefighter Phil," an entertaining fire safety program sponsored by Southern Berkshire Fire Departments. In February, 1-4 returned to the Sheffield campus to participate in "Across the Americas," a program of "multi-cultural, multi-lingual folk music" presented by Roger Tincknell.

NMC has had its share of visitors, too. The Humane Society presented a three-day program to 1-4 on pet ownership responsibilities, as well as safety and respect for all animals. The Southern Berkshire Educational Collaborative prepared a two-day dental education program for grades 1–2. In a two-for-one educational experience, students from the Collaborative helped teach the importance of good dental care.

Nancy Crawford has been busy with Judy Ladd's 1–2 class presenting a series of puppet plays. *Toy Story, Inch by Inch, The Frog & The Honey,* and *Supper with the Queen* have all been enacted with great poise. Nice job, everyone!

Third and fourth graders are testing their math skills and helping a worthy cause during St. Jude Children's Research Hospital Math-A-Thon. These mathematicians have their sponsors in place and are currently working on 200 math problems. We'll report the results next issue.

Two youth basketball programs have started under the direction of Scott Rote. These Sunday gatherings take place at Undermountain gym, where the children are introduced to the basics of the sport. Who knows how many future athletes will get their start here?

— Deborah Mielke

CONTRIBUTORS

The *News* is free, and it's the money freely given that makes this possible. Thanks for recent contributions from Dominique Monney, Kenneth Kahn, Paul Walter, Joseph Menaker, Aaron & Lynne Leavitt, Gloria & Mel Wallick, Mary Ellen & Joe levin, and Leslie Paine.

MONTEREY GRANGE

The meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291 scheduled for February 21 was cancelled due to bad weather and illness. The Grange hosted Berkshire South Pomona No. 25 on February 28. Next meeting is set for March 6, Women's Activities, and after that, on March 20, we will have an Irish Program.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

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General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers, and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

***

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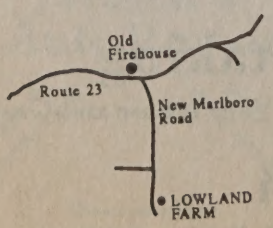


Visit our sugar house during March. We have the tastiest selection of maple syrup in the Berkshires.

ROY SHEPARD WINS LITERARY AWARD

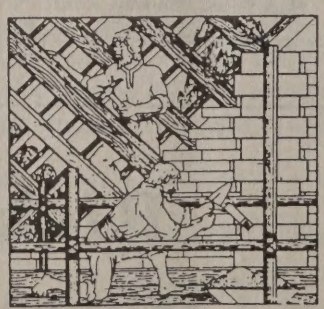
Roy Shepard has received the 1995 First Series Award for the Novel for his manuscript entitled *The Latest Epistle of Jim*. The award, which includes publication, is given annually for an outstanding novel by a previously unpublished writer.

A swift, concise novel with a surprisingly simple structure, considering its social complexity, *The Latest Epistle of Jim* is the story of Jack Andrews, a Protestant minister who has spent his career serving a series of small Midwestern parishes. Troubled by self-doubt and uncertainty, he learns that he is among the final four candidates for the pastorship of a prestigious university church, a position that promises to renew his energy and self-confidence. As he leaves his office to conduct a funeral, Jack notes that among the unopened letters on his secretary's desk is the envelope bearing notice of his acceptance or rejection. During a prolonged trip to the country cemetery, he speculates about the contents of the envelope, and reflects on the events that have led to this decisive moment in his life.

David McAllester wrote a profile of Royal and Jana Shepard in the August, 1993, issue of the *Monterey News*. The Shepards have four grown children, and a cottage on Lake Garfield which they call Ardee. They also maintain a home in Montclair, New Jersey, Roy's boyhood hometown. He is retired from the ministry of Congregational Churches, now the United Church of Christ; he served in parishes in Nebraska, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and New Jersey.

Roy Shepard's poetry has appeared in the *Monterey News* over the years, and he has published widely in religious periodicals, including *The Christian Century* and *Theology Today*. Though he dictated his first poems at age five to his mother, most of Royal's poetry has been written and published in the last ten years. In 1993, he won second prize in the NIMROD/ Hardman Awards for poetry. Also in that year, his collection *Time's Pickpocket* was published by Aegina Press, University Editions. Currently, his poems are scheduled to appear in *Poetry*, *Yankee*, *The Formalist* and *Poet Lore*.

The Latest Epistle of Jim (ISBN 0922811-26-1) is scheduled for publication by Mid-List Press in the fall of 1996.



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MONTEREY AUTHOR & ARTIST PUBLISHED

A Cottage in Portugal, by Richard Hewitt, with illustrations by Barbara Finn Hewitt, will be published by Simon and Schuster this month. The book is factual and details the Hewitts' experience buying and renovating a 300-year-old cottage near Sintra in central Portugal.

Leaving the Berkshires several years ago, the Hewitts sought to exercise their talents as designer (Barbara) and builder (Richard) in a foreign environment. It was an experience neither of them had bargained for. Locating a picturesque, ruined old house almost immediately, they soon found, contrary to all assurances, that the house lacked water and adequate electrical service. In fact, with the exception of a few houses with private wells, the rest of the village lacked water entirely. Thus began their long battle with municipal authorities to have water brought not just to their dream cottage but to the rest of the village as well.

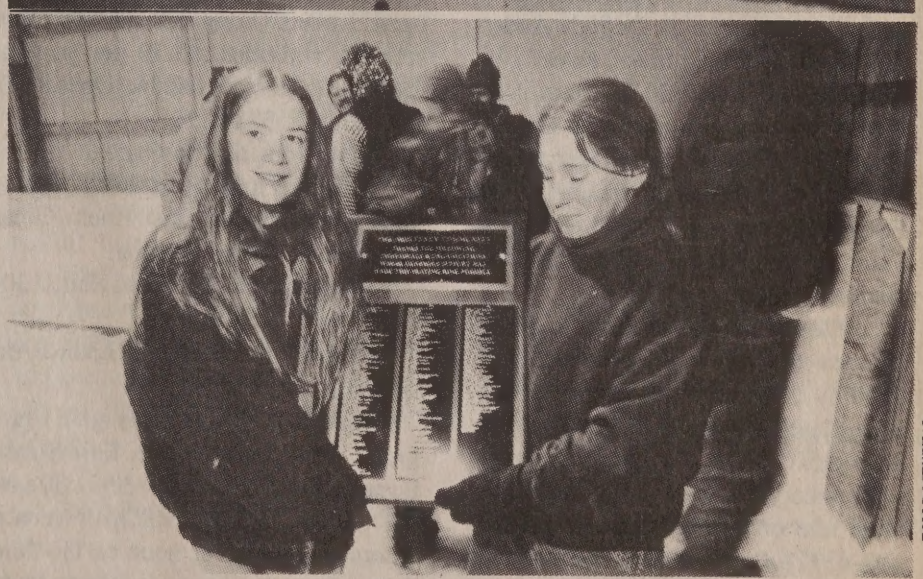
Finding workers to assist them was no simple task, either. After rejecting a long line of self-styled masons, they hired a local strongman named Antonio. Able to lift a cement mixer over his head, Antonio was also adept at supplying a dazzling variety of excuses for not working. In the end, with a deadline near, the Hewitts ended up employing Antonio's entire family to finish the project.

But the endeavor was not without its inherent charms. Portugal was enchanting with its warm, green climate, and the village residents quickly welcomed the Hewitts into their midst, regaling them with wit and grace. Overwhelmed by the villagers' response and the beauty that surrounded them, the Hewitts finally gave in, abandoning their American mindset of rigid schedules and logic, welcoming the warm blend of chaos and emotion that surrounded them.

Still maintaining a residence in the same village, the Hewitts try hard to be there as often as their schedules allow. Richard has already written a sequel and the rights to *A Cottage in Portugal* have already been purchased in France and by Books on Tape.

AT THE RINK, WINTER 1996

DEAN AMIDON



TOM ROSENTHAL

TOM ROSENTHAL

Top to bottom: kids watch the Cup from the snowpile outside; Dierdre Higgins and Lauren Goldfinger display the plaque listing individuals and organizations who helped build the rink; the assembled skaters on dedication day.

FAMILY SUPPORT NETWORK OF CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Many thanks to the Advisory Board of Family Support Network and the families of the 1995 babies who attended the New Year's Luncheon. We hope to sponsor a similar function for families with multiple births in May.

A schedule of educational programs:

March 4 Step-Families, Lecture and Discussion. Workshop by Melinda Olds, MSW, 6:30–8:30 p.m. at Bear Care Center, 940 South Main Street, Great Barrington. On-site childcare and workshop are free of charge. Contact Laurie at 298-4371 for reservations. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children.

March 11 Child Development Center for Children Aged Birth to Eighteen Months. Workshop by Delinda Anderson, director of First Steps, an early intervention program, 6:30–8:30 p.m., Bear Care Center, details as above. Contact Claudette at 528-9311 for reservations. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children and the Family Support Network of Children's Health Program.

March 12 Self-Esteem and Empowerment for Teens and Parents. Workshop by Bob Boylston, LICSW, Berkshire Center for Families and Children, 6:30–8:30 p.m. at Monument Mountain High School. On-site childcare and workshop free of charge. Contact Leslie at 298-4371 for reservations. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children.

March 29 Infant-Toddler CPR, Fairview Hospital, 6–9 p.m., led by Ann Marie Hamm. $20 fee includes book. (For scholarships, call Claudette at 528-9311.) To reserve a space call Ann Marie Hamm, 528-0790, ext. 3024. Cosponsored by Fairview Hospital and the Family Support Network of Children's Health Program.

Also scheduled are these fun activities for families:

March 4 New Parents Group, for parents with children aged one year and younger, 12 noon, lunch, Russell House, 54 Castle Street, Great Barrington. Guest Miriam Cervera will present some fun activities. Questions? Call Loren, 528-9311.

March 16 Swim and Gym at Eden Hill Center in Stockbridge, 2:30–4:30 p.m. Both pool and gym facilities will be open. Fathers Group will provide some relaxing activities. $2.50 per person. (Some scholarships available) Questions? Call Loren at 528-9311.

Time for spring parties:

March 2 and 9 Saturday parent-child playgroups at Russell House, Great Barrington, 10 a.m.-12 noon.

March 25 Becket Town Hall, 9:30-11:30 a.m.

March 26 Southfield Ladies Aid Hall, 9:30-11:30 a.m.

March 28 Great Barrington Playgroup, St. Peter's Center, East Street. Easter egg hunt included. 9:30-11:30 a.m.

Grandma's Attic will be open each Saturday, 10 a.m.-12 noon on the third floor of the Construct building, Main Street, Great Barrington. The toy and clothing exchange will also be open Thursday evenings, March 14 and March 28, 6:30–8:30 p.m. We are thankful to volunteers assisting with this project.

Poster Contest for Young People in South Berkshire County: The Family Support Network of Children's Health Program is sponsoring a poster contest with the theme "Family Fun Day." Students are asked to submit designs on white 8-1/2" x 10" paper in black crayon, pen, or marker to Miriam at CHP on Castle Street by 12 noon on March 29. Please print name, address, phone number, and age on the back of the entry. Posters should include the following information: "Family Fun Day, April 21, 12 noon–4 p.m., rain or shine, Eden Hill Recreation Center, Stockbridge, to benefit Children's Health Program, Inc. Admission: $10 per family. Activities will include swimming, games, food, kite-flying, prizes, crafts, music, a juggler, nature activities, pony rides, and clowns. Prizes will be art supplies and one for each age category will be awarded: 5 to 7; 8 to 10; 11 to 13; 12 to 18." For more information, call Miriam at 528-9311.

To raise money for some of our programs, we have a CHP Store at Russell House, 54 Castle Street. Items for sale include tee-shirts, tote bags, and coloring books; *Kids Kure for Kabin Fever*, created by parent-child playgroup mothers, and containing one hundred ideas for activities for children, donation $5; first-aid kits that can be kept in the car, $4.50; Playgroup/WIC Cookbook, recipes that have been popular at playgroup, using WIC foods, created by Miriam Cervera and Cheryl Thompson. Donation, $1.

We continue to have a penny jar in the Lending Library at Russell House for parents and children to donate pennies to help us continue purchasing videos and books to lend.

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THE POLITICIANS

One letter this month from the statehouse, as follows.

Proper Planning

I don't think I would get an argument from anyone if I said that it's difficult to plan your annual budget if you don't know what your income is going to be. Proper planning is the key to any successful budget.

I am very pleased to say that the House of Representatives recently took an action that will allow local officials to plan properly their town budgets for next year. On Wednesday, February 14, my colleagues and I unanimously adopted an Early Local Aid Resolution which clearly outlines the minimum amount of Local Aid each city and town in the Commonwealth will receive in Fiscal Year 1997.

As one of the lead sponsors of this early promise to our towns, I am very happy to report that the numbers passed as part of the resolution reflect a 2.6% inflationary increase in local aid across the state. It is important to note that this is a minimum rise in funding levels over last year. These numbers do not yet reflect any increases the Legislature may include in its final budget in the areas of education funding, lottery distribution, payments in lieu of taxes, or regional school transportation reimbursements.

So what does this early planning mechanism mean for the average resident? Not only does this resolution help your elected officials while preparing the town's budget, it also means that residents will be afforded an accurate local budget to vote on at Town Meeting. You won't be called back to a Special Town Meeting in the summer or early fall and be asked to correct the spending errors because the town didn't have accurate figures to work with in the first place.

As far as the increases go, more local aid from the state means more funds to repair and maintain the town's roads and buildings, to help purchase needed equipment and pay public safety salaries, or to offset your property tax bill. This is good news for everybody.

While this development is a step in the right direction, the FY97 budget battle is not yet over. Please rest assured that I will keep up the good fight for Monterey and all the other towns in Berkshire County.

— State Rep. Christopher J. Hodgkins

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-- Matthew Breuer, a Roadside regular

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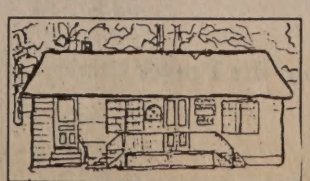


NOTICE

A quarterly meeting of all Monterey town officeholders, boards, and committees will be held on March 20, 1996, at 7 p.m. at the Town Offices. The Select Board invites all interested parties, including the general public, to attend.

MONTEREY SELECT BOARD
Stefan Grotz, Chair
Georgiana C. O'Connell
Peter S. Brown

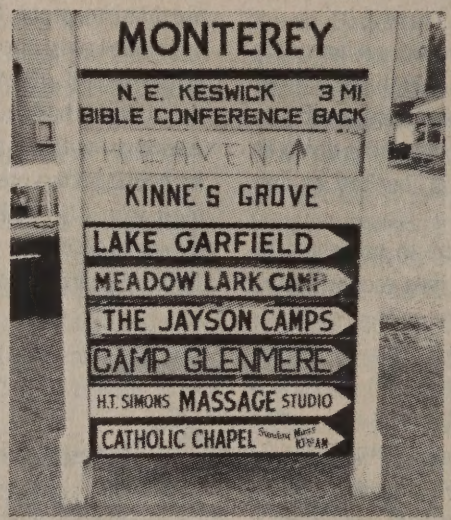
MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

RSVP

There is in the southern end of Berkshire County a group called the South County Clergy Association. Recently, yours truly was elected moderator of the group. Since assuming that role, I have been interested in defining who we are and what we are about. And this is where I would like you, the reader, to assist me.

We are an interesting group of people. We represent a wide variety of religious beliefs. We attempt to be inclusive (gender, racial, interreligious), but it has not been easy. Oddly enough, we have found it difficult to embody Lincoln's ideal addressed to the nation in his Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right..." Just because we are clergy does not mean that we are immune from the all-too-human differences that divide and separate. Sometimes being clergy can make our differences even more difficult to surmount! (You know how it is: we are all closer to God than anyone else! Holy pride, possibly?) But we are trying!

What I am interested in having happen (and this is where you,the reader, come in) is establishing a purpose for ourselves. You may say, "That is your job." And, in a sense, that is true. However, there is the ever-present danger of professional elitism. What do you think we should be doing as the South County Clergy Association? (We meet once a month.) Who are the religious communities that should be represented in the Association? (Presently, we are Christian, Jewish and Unitarian/ Universalist.) And how do we make contact? There are probably other questions that could be raised. If you have some thoughts to share, please let me know by calling 528-5850 and/or writing to P.O. Box 182, Monterey, MA 01245.



On Maundy Thursday, April 4, a simple meal and worship service, including Holy Communion, will be celebrated downstairs in the Social Room beginning at 6:30 p.m.

An Easter Sunrise service will be held on April 7 at Gould Farm. Just a reminder that Daylight Saving begins that morning! (That does seem just a bit remote as I write this!)

— Keith C. Snow, Pastor

TRI-STATE JEWISH YOUTH GROUP

Playing with Words: A Writers' Workshop is the name of the program planned for the Sunday, March 17, meeting of the Tri-state Jewish Youth Group, to be held at Hevreh of Southern Berkshire, 41 Mahaiwe Street, Great Barrington, 12:15–2:25 p.m. Bring your own dairy or vegetarian lunch. Drinks and pencils will be provided. There is no fee; sponsored by Congregation Ahavath Sholom and Hevreh of Southern Berkshire (both Great Barrington) and the Jewish Federation of the Berkshires.

The workshop will be led by Daniel Klein of Great Barrington, for thirty years a working writer of thrillers and screenplays who has published twelve books. Mr. Klein lives with his wife and daughter.

The youth group is open to all Jewish fifth through ninth graders, regardless of synagogue affiliation or Jewish educational background.

For more information, please call Beth Reitman Moser at 413-528-4643.

Monterey United Church of Christ

Sunday Services · 10 a.m.
(Child care available)

For assistance & information:

Keith Snow (Pastor)	528-5850
Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee)	528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee)	269-7471
Judy Hayes (Worship)	528-1874

With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan	528-5557
Mary or Ray Ward	528-9243
Judy Hayes	528-1874

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MONTEREY · BUILT 1780

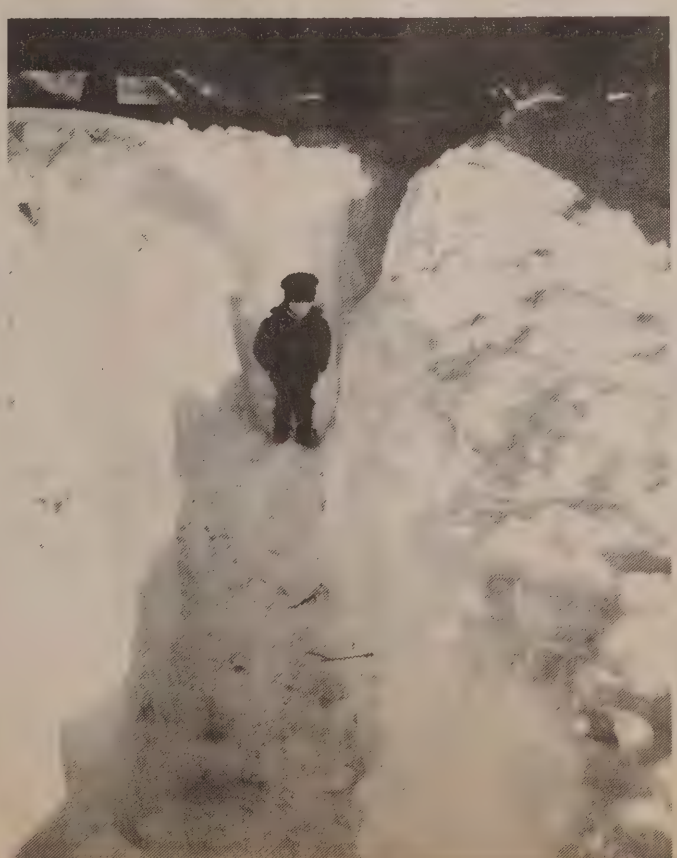
KESWICK

New England Keswick is a non-denominational Christian youth camp and retreat center situated on 253 acres alongside Chestnut Hill Road. Keswick turned fifty-five on February 8; the camp was established in 1941.

This Monterey property has been settled since about 1780, when the original house was built. For some time, the Stedman farm operated on the site. Then, from 1929 until 1940, the property was known as the Berkshire Bible Fellowship, and was used as a training ground for missionary candidates from the Sudan Interior Mission.

Today, Keswick continues its mission of offering camp and retreat programs throughout the year to individuals, families, and church groups from around the New England and New York regions. The ministry is in the midst of much growth and improvement, as increasing numbers of young people sign up to attend. Last summer's programs were sold out, with a large waiting list of would-be campers. For hundreds of young people, Keswick's summer camp and retreat programs represent an opportunity to get away from the many negative influences of contemporary youth culture—to fun, friendship, positive peer pressure, adventure, and challenge, with a Christian emphasis, in a beautiful Berkshire setting.

If you would like to know more, or want to be on the camp's mailing list, please call 528-9558.



DEAN AMIDON

Nicole Amidon out walking in January.

— Matt Kinnaman

FIRE

Oak and cherry, birch and ash and maple,
When kindled, rage and send out tongues of flame,
Miniature suns, as hot as they are able:
The passion of combustion is the same.

And so with nations, when the spark is struck,
Of fear, we flare in acts beyond control;
The sun's hot fire that's in us runs amuck,
And takes an unimaginable toll.

But as the gentle fire of decay
Gives life to forests dark, and sunny plains,
So we in slow creative fire of play
Grow love, cathedrals, music in our brains.

— David P. McAllester

SAPPING TIME

When the nights are cold and nippy
And the sun shines warm all day,
Just before the first spring robin
Heralds the springtime on its way,
Then we take our bits and bit-stocks
To the maples tall and stout
Where we bore, then hang the buckets
As the sap drips from the spout.
Those good old towering maples
That have for generations stood,
Filling bucket after bucket,
Yield a treat that's mighty good!
When the maple sap is boiling
Its aroma rises sweet.
There's a joy in sapping season
You will find that's hard to beat!

— Eleanor Kimberley

On "Fumée d'ambre gris"

A painting by John Singer Sargent

As I stare, I become a child,
A grimy boy, awkward, wild.
A fascinated witness, fearful,
In the dust shades of the temple

Is she priestess or concubine,
Succubus or nun
Her beauty cowled and shrouded
Yet still not fully shunned

Sensuous, serene she shines
In the heavy, holy light
Is this faith or fear I see
Shown in her narcotic rite

I am the urchin in the dirt
The awestruck ragamuffin
Who trembles at the sacrifice,
The ritual submission
To sanctity, to doom, to vice.
Fated, never fatal
She is the godhead feminine,
inviolate,
eternal

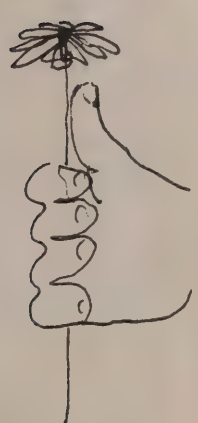
— Nick Hardcastle

THE CARDINAL IN VENICE

No one knew
the cardinal had been in love
and walked naked
in his five senses
while the Lion of St. Mark
nosing into the watery Venetian winter winds
purported not
to notice.

It was because of Lespintina d' Ossio
eighteen, whose wide grey eyes
he' d seen as if in dream
and whose confession
had been remanded to him
by several chalk hands
with black cuffs.

her sin?



it seemed (or so it had been reported)
she thought the devil more sincere in his evil
than those, who pretending good,
shunned the dear gifts and wounds
of Christ!

Had He Himself not suffered
children, publicans, and
the hot-splayed Magdalen
and all those whose peccancies
were sharp, small, yet secret
all in the name
of circumambient love?

The cardinal froze for his portrait
that we know
but there was a tenderness withal
hidden in one limp finger
a little pardon
because of his own needs—

Had not her young and simple logic
undone him in his scarlet chambers,
there where he had sighed
with such regrets
with his prayerstool prefiguring
his certain catafalque
which she surely would have wept to see the lace of
had the plague not carried her off
at twenty.

— A. O. Howell

ANIMAL ATTITUDES: WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

One of the tricky things about being human is figuring out all the time which side one is on. It is necessary to do this because then we have solid ground to stand on from which it may be possible to determine who (if anyone) is on the same side as us. Sometimes we think someone is on the same side as we are, and proceed with confidence only to discover that this was a too-wrong assumption. We all know that sinking or shifting feeling as the solid ground starts to float off from the mainland with maybe fewer of our buddies on it with us than we thought. Or maybe the person across the table from us is not on there with us after all. In the comics this moment is usually accompanied by a red face and a thought balloon which says "oops."

Someone was at our house the other day sitting at our table having tea and watching the birdfeeder. We are taking part in Project FeederWatch this year, a survey or census organized by the Cornell Ornithological laboratory. Every couple of weeks we count numbers of individuals per species that come to our feeder. So we were bragging to our visitor about the fifty-five evening grosbeaks we'd had one day. She answered this with an account of a great "herd" of blue jays that had once come to her feeder several days in a row. We were nodding and grinning and then she said, "Yes, my husband finally got the gun and started shooting them. He shot thirty-five bluejays." The grins froze on our faces. My husband left the room. I could see our visitor's thought balloon going "oops," and my heart went out to her as her piece of solid ground started to drift.

After she left we talked it over. "I guess we have to remember that some people think of bluejays as vermin," said Joe. This got us thinking about vermin in general and I remembered a trip I'd made to England in September, to a small city in the industrial midlands called Chesterfield. I went with my friend to the park and saw a rat. I don't know when the last time was that I saw a rat—we just don't

pygmy shrew

have them in my neighborhood here in Monterey. In fact, I thought for a few seconds this was some marvelous sort of small British muskrat or something. I was remembering *The Wind in the Willows* and how in my childhood the illustrations never looked quite like our moles, toads, and rats, (or motor cars).

My friend was eagerly pointing out the mallards in the stream but I was excited over the rat. She broke it to me gently that there were in fact quite a number of rats in the park and it had been in the papers and there was a plot afoot to control them terminally. I looked at the bright-eyed little creature with its glossy brown coat and felt for a moment that she and I were the only ones on a little bit of drifting solid ground.

Here on the continental U. S. we have a situation with wolves and coyotes, even eagles and mountain lions, where some folks feel that not too long ago their ancestors beat these creatures back with their bare hands (well, figuratively) in order to eke a living from the unfriendly wilderness, and that to welcome them back to their former haunts degrades somehow the ancestral pride. I feel that I am not on the same side as these people, or at least that they would not like to be on the same side as me. I want to welcome back the big predators, the native species. I am on firm moral high ground here.

Standing on the high ground, I look over my own back yard and see a threat. I have wrested from the wilderness with my bare hands a small fruit orchard and garden. Out in the jungle there lurk predators who sneak in by night to rob me of my harvest. By day I fight them with modern science, with weapons and poison. The wolves and coyotes don't bother my solid ground but the plum curculio beetles do.

I can just see myself visiting some new friend. We get talking about insects and pretty soon I am telling her about the twenty-three curculios I found and destroyed on one apple tree last May. Maybe I get my momentum up and tell her what I do to cutworms found sleeping in my bean patch. All of a sudden I see her smile freeze. She is a beetle lover, a caterpillar sympathizer. I feel my face go red, my thought balloon go "oops."

As I drive home I am reviewing the conversation, realizing where it started to go wrong, feeling it's all too complicated. It's just not easy being human, figuring out which side I am on. In fact, I am starting to hope I'll come back next time as a conscience-free pygmy shrew, polar bear, or clothes moth. I'll just chomp up the cutworms, walruses, or woolens untroubled by right or wrong. If someone wants to manage, reintroduce, or exterminate me, that's their problem and good luck to them.

— Bonner J. McAllester

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WILDLIFE SURVEY

Snow Excess and Abatement. Of course, wildlife responds directly to the weather. During the deep snow nothing stirred for a while, but we have not seen anything as dramatic as the storms in 1895 that wiped out so many bluebirds in the South that they were very scarce in New England for the next two or three years. Now, in mid-February, the big drifts are gone, at least for the moment, and the woods are filled with tracks. Deer are out of their "yards" and are visible in small groups or singly. Two were killed by cars in Monterey, and Dale Duryea says they were seriously underweight and weakened by not being able to get around freely in search of food.

Wild turkeys have strong legs and raking claws, but even they couldn't get down through two to three feet of snow. But they can be seen moving powerfully and purposefully through the woods now.

Seen from the Roads. A wildcat February 4 in Egremont; a very large wild cat, possibly a cougar, crossing Lake Buel Road south of Beckwith's sport shop about noon on Saturday, February 24, observed by David Klausmeyer, whose son Ed lives at the intersection of Adsit Crosby and Lake Buel Roads, and has heard night-time sounds that match those made by cougars recorded on video tape; skunks and opossums at various times in the warm spells; a weasel near Butternut; a new little beaver colony right by Route 23 a mile east of Great Barrington; a great horned owl February 7 in broad daylight in a tree by the Bank of Boston in Great Barrington; a cougar, or mountain lion, in the evening from a car on Lake Buel Road near Menaker's corners; turkey tracks along my driveway February 16 that seemed so aimless as to be downright zany by human standards.

A Controlled Survey. Several people in our region, and thousands all over the U. S. and Canada, are participating in Project Feeder Watch: Fall and Winter Survey, sponsored by the Cornell University Laboratory of Ornithology. Surveyors watch their bird feeders closely for two successive days at roughly two-week intervals. They keep a tally of what species, how many of each, and how many hours the bird feeder was actually under observation on the "watch" days. As thousands of observations accumulate in the data bank at Cornell, important information about bird population and movement emerges for the whole North American continent. In addition, the survey seeks information on unusual sightings, whenever they occur. A special project within the survey is to track an eye disease that has been affecting house finches.

The McAllester/Baker household has been participating in the Cornell survey and have made interesting discoveries about their own local bird feeder population. Their largest number was fifty-five evening grosbeaks on February 8. There were twenty-five mourning doves on December 8. Nuthatches and tree sparrows always appear in pairs, except once there were three sparrows. They've only seen white-breasted nuthatches this year. Downy and hairy woodpeckers appear in ones, twos, and threes. They thought they had been seeing juncos in flocks, but actually it was a ubiquitous single individual (or many lone individuals): only once in the last three months have there been two at a time.

Two Turkeys. I just paused in this writing to watch, with respect, two magnificent wild turkeys on my south-facing hillside. Grasses and other low-lying seed bearers are exposed there; even deep snows quickly disappear from that slope. The turkeys' "aimless" meanderings took in the whole slope, and at times they stopped and pecked, in tandem, twenty or thirty times at one spot. They were ingesting seed at a phenomenal rate, where I would have starved to death.

Hunters and Trappers a Threatened Species? Dale reports that the petition for a Wildlife Protection Act (see the November, 1995, *Monterey News*) got well over twice the required 65,000 signatures and will be on the November ballot. If this passes, Dale predicts that there will be a 50% drop in the number of hunters and trappers. He adds that there was a bigger drop than that this year, anyway, because of the severe weather.

Rabies. The raccoon population is slowly coming back. Marty Clark, the game warden in Great Barrington, found two really sick ones, however. The danger of the disease, lethal if not treated in time, is still with us. Don't pet wild mammals and report any that seem to be acting unusual, even if you're not sure what "unusual" means.

Special Sightings. Storrs Olds saw a nuthatch hanging upside down underneath his bird feeder. It didn't move for quite some time, and he began to think it might be caught, somehow. He went out to investigate and it still didn't move. Finally he stroked its back with one finger, whereupon it woke up, climbed deliberately up to a branch over the feeder and then flew off.

From mid-January to early February, three pygmy shrews have been found on the kitchen floor in the household at 33 Hupi Road, the result of the hunting prowess of a little female cat that has come in from the woods and attached itself to the family. This shrew is the smallest mammal in the world and looks like a baby mouse. An adult is barely an inch long. It has a sharper nose than a mouse, and it is no rodent but a carnivore!

Fran and Dean Amidon saw a pileated woodpecker, the largest woodpecker in the world, on the Tyringham road early this month.

And Alice Howell reported on February 15 that she saw a "large, blue-grey hawklike bird" in her apple tree. She "rushed to the bird book and found we had been visited by a goshawk! What an honor."

— David P. McAllester

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Remote and Beautiful Key West

With its freshwater holes, Key West was a mecca for pirates, Indians came and went, wild animals and brightly colored migratory birds used it as a stopover. But no man owns Key West!

In a hurricane, a few get off in chockfull planes, others in jammed boats, but the rest know better than to take the two-lane highway, over long bridges, exposed land with sea on either side, 150 miles up to "stateside." They just pray. But look around: Civil War fortresses, 200-year-old wood houses, 100-year-old churches *still standing!*

When I wake up in the morning in my camper, my first thought is, where am I? What town? What state? I see the same unwashed dishes, the same dogs lick my hand. But where am I? I throw off the light blanket—it must be warm weather—pull back the curtain and look out: a palm tree. Yes, I'm still in the Keys. Trees are "key."

In Key West there are strange and exotic trees. Many were brought here from all over the world by ships' captains and wealthy house owners. There are the Australian flame tree, African tulip, papaya, red, white and black mangrove (called the walking tree: roots advance in seawater one step at a time, shooting up new trees), rubber tree, mimosa from Iran, the tree of gold, the banyan from India (one tree, with roots coming down from the branches to make new trunks, can cover several acres), the palm tree (royal, coconut, Manila, cabbage, date—all are palm trees), the pitch apple tree (you can carve on a leaf, visible for more than a year), the acacia, the Jerusalem thorn, Cuban banana, and the West Indian mahogany (planted for lumber to use in boats). Fascinating!

I look up. Two huge, white Navy dirigibles, there every day, survey all that goes on on the sea: boats from Cuba, possible drug carriers, foreign vessels in our waters. No pirate ships now! Long ago, pirates roamed these waters. It got so bad that, finally, in 1822, Lt. Perry, on orders from the U. S. Navy, sailed the schooner Shark into the great natural harbor of Key West, and planted the standard of the U. S. The Navy chased the pirates out of the waters.

The great coral reef that lies in the waters off Key West is just two feet down but looks as if it lies thirty feet. Fairyland to the skin divers, haven for fish, crabs, and mollusks, but the reef is a terror for the sailor. There the momentum of the Gulf Stream pours its indigo blue into the greenish water of the Atlantic Ocean (that wonderful color you see in the Keys), impeding the progress of boats. Many ships crashed the reefs, ripped open their hulls and sank in adjacent water which could be thirty or even sixty feet deep. Ship, cargo, and passengers were lost...

In Key West the shout rang out, "Wreck ashore!" That was the time for stout men—brains, courage, and they invested in fast, trim, sturdy sailing ships. They came forth. These were the "wreckers of Key West" who couldn't wait for "cahm" weather; their profession called them into every squall. A wreck a week was the average spoils from the sea. Word has it that false beacons were put out sometimes.

At that time Key West was the richest "per capita" town in the whole U. S. Goods were stored in great warehouses. Public notice was posted, and all inhabitants of Key West attended, ladies and gentlemen attired in the "mode." They furnished their houses in a far grander manner than one might expect from the remote location of the island city. Some wreck survivors stayed in Key West, never to set foot on a ship again. Some years the wrecking industry brought in more than a million and a half. This, and the sponge and cigar-making industries brought great wealth. Then in 1852, the U. S. government began to erect a series of lighthouses, so the time of the grand wreckers was over.

In the Depression Key West was deeply into debt. No industry, no prospects, the poorest town in the country. That year the hurricane destroyed the railroad. People lost faith in Key West. They left. In 1918 there were 22,000 people; in 1933, 12,000! Those who stayed were helped by the WPA, a little fishing and odd jobs.

A highway was started, on the footing of the railroad. It opened in 1938. Key West had been built facing the sea in the time of the ship. In the time of the automobile, travelers entered by the back door. In 1941, the Navy and Army came. In 1942, the Navy built a pipeline: wells in Florida City supplied all the keys, which heretofore had relied on local cisterns. Favorable weather permitted year-round training. 12,000 service personnel and their families, lived here.

Key West has 30 feet of water at the dock. The airport has four runways. Best saltwater fishing in the world. So tourists began to come.

In Bahama Village, mostly black, they have parades, churches, restaurants, and galleries. The tallest building in town is the long-lasting Conch Hotel. Ships could see it way out to sea, finding their way into the protected harbor. Now, you can have cocktails on the roof and see the flaming red Key West sun go down into the sea, the crowds at Mallory Dock celebrating sunset with music, dancing, food. You can look down at the entire island, one-and-a-half by four miles—so diminutive, but so enormous in spirit all through the years, the sea beyond and all around it.

Down there are many of the homeless. Warm weather brings them. They ride their bikes, or walk, with many, many bags in shorts or sundresses, straw hats.

Tourists and tourists come. Over two-and-a-half million came last year. Key West is fast becoming spoiled. Even though it escaped the danger that most cities have found—a jungle of neon, concrete, and conformity—there are too many people! Water is short, and the sewer...well...the town fathers are planning on more hotels—ouch!

— Joan Woodard Reed

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PHONE: (413) 528-4748
HOME: (413) 528-4519
FAX: (413) 528-5165

MONTEREY PROFILES

Masato Tanaka

Starting February 25, there will be a new resident in Monterey: Masato Tanaka is a twenty-one-year-old student in the Chuo University law faculty in Tokyo, Japan. He will be a Montereyan for four months, hosted by David McAllester on Hupi Road. During this time he will be speaking at schools and wherever else he can find the opportunity as a volunteer ambassador from Japan. One part of his message—what nuclear war is like and why there must never be another one—derives from interviews he has had with a number of survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He is also prepared to teach something about judo, Japanese calligraphy, origami (the art of folding paper into myriad fantastic shapes), and Japanese culture in general. He has slides, videotapes, and other materials for a variety of presentations tailored to audience preference.

Masato is also here to learn all he can about the United States. He has been to school in England and Italy, and was in two judo tournaments in France. He has traveled elsewhere in Europe and in India, Nepal, and Thailand, but this is his first visit to this country. After Monterey he will be in the deep South and then on the West Coast. He is devoting a year to this journey of cultural exchange.

"It is said that learning foreign culture helps to know our own culture better. So learning each other's culture is very important."

The first of this unusual young man's world travels was to Korea when he was five, to visit relatives. When he was eleven, his father's work took the family to Italy, where Masato went to school in Rome and learned Italian. He brushed up his English in summer schools in England. He began to be impressed by how little the people he met knew about Japan, and about the realities of nuclear war. And he became deeply interested in the varied perspectives he found in Europe and Asia. "World travel is my hobby!"

Masato's present travels are under the auspices of the Never Again Campaign, a program of the Peace and World Order Studies project at Berkshire Community College. Marion and Don Lathrop, at BCC, were impressed with a young Japanese woman, Yoko Kitaura Shiokawa, working to carry her message of cultural understanding around the world. Together with her they established the Never Again Campaign; they seek out host families in the United States, and Yoko finds well-qualified volunteers in Japan. In ten years carefully trained young men and women have reached nearly 250,000 people with their presentations. The Lathrops have visited Japan six times to help set up the program and select volunteers.

Volunteers pay travel costs and health insurance, while host families provide room, board, moral support, and close-at-hand lessons in American culture. The volunteers' programs are free of charge, but the churches, schools, and civic groups who hear them are asked to help with transportation to the event.

Anyone interested in hearing Masato can call David McAllester at 413-528-1847; prospective hosts can call the Lathrops at home: 518-781-4681, or at BCC, 413-499-4660, ext. 351.

Masato looks forward eagerly to being here. He wrote: "Oh! Writing a letter to you makes me irritated. I want to go to U. S. A. right now!"

— David P. McAllester

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HANNAH CLIMENA PIXLEY CONTINUED

This story of a fatal beating is unlike what readers ordinarily find in the Monterey News. *It is here simply as part of the whole that makes up Hannah Pixley's account of her life, the dramatic episodes balanced in the end by an independence founded on steady routine bound to the farm and the seasons. Her life was deeply rooted in Monterey, more perhaps than many of us who travel so readily today can even imagine.*

Orlin Gleason's Violent Death

A tragedy happened that I shall never forget. I think it was in July. My brother then could sit up on the floor when his father had his last fight. It was a fight to the death. At this time I was seven years old. Grandmother had gone away on a visit and my brother, a creeping baby on the floor. So Mother, baby and I was all there at home with Mr. G. He lay on the bed this morning after his raid of the night before when Mother's brother came to see her on business. He had a team of horses on a buggy. At the time, Mother went out to give him warning to go back. She was too late, Mr. G. had heard the wagon. I stood looking out of the window when he jumped off the bed and asked me who was out there. I told him I did not know, for I was afraid to say anything as I had heard him tell Mother that if she ever spoke to anyone he would smash her finer than powder. And I knew Mother had gone to speak to her brother. Well Mr. G. looked out of the window and see who it was. Then he said, "I know it's John, and I shall kill him and dance on his corpse. He shall never leave here alive." Mother begged of him to come to the house, but he threw her over the fence and told her to get into the house and mind her own business while he killed her brother. So Mother went in the house and I run out and hid in the tall grass and peeked under the fence and see the fight. Mr. G. tried to kill her brother with a fence stake. While he kept trying to ward off the blows, finally her brother got his whip out of the buggy. It was an iron-filled whip made to stand up straight in a whip socket for buggy riding in those days. Well, when he got hold of the whip, he struck Mr. G. three times over the head with the but of the whip that crushed his skull in, for the blood run out of his head and mouth. The ground was all covered with blood where they fit before he struck him with the whip. After he got his scull crushed, he give up the fight and started for the house. I crept out from under the fence and run ahead of him, for I expected him then to kill Mother and me. I remember there was an ax stood up by the door. I told Mother to hide that before he got there for he would kill us with it. But she said, "No, if we are to be killed here today, we will leave everything just as it is and die right here." But I think Mr. G. had just began to come to his senses because when he got to the house he was so weak from loss of blood. He took hold of the side of the door to stand up. Then he told Mother she had been a good wife, too good for such a brute as he had been. Then he wanted her to pick up his boy and hold him up for him to bid the baby goodbye. Then he told the baby, "You won't have a father long, but it is for the best that you should never know your father and I want you to grow up to be a comfort to your mother and never be the man I have been." Then he told Mother he had left a will for her and the boy.

That was the last he spoke. Then, Mother got him on the bed in the front room and told me I must run to the neighbors for help. Well, away I went, but not a neighbor would come near the house. They all feared him. So then Mother sent me back to have someone get a doctor. The doctor did not come until that night.

At the time this happened, Mother had fourteen big boils and an abcess on one arm, and with the pain and his throwing her, as he did, and all she had been through that day, made her insane. So before the doctor got there, she lit a mess of candles and put them on the stove, took the baby and got on the bed in the kitchen and told me I must sit in the door to Mr. G.'s room and watch him and not to go to sleep. So there I was when the doctor come. He said, "Little girl are you all alone?" I told him not to disturb Mother for she acted queer. I thought she was asleep with the baby. Then he told me to get him a bowl. When I got it, he asked me if I was afraid of blood. I told him, "No, I had seen quarts of blood that day." Then he went up to the bed where Mr. G. lay and told me to hold the bowl. He tried to get blood out of his arm, but it looked thick and dark. He said there is no help and told me to put the bowl away for he told me Mr. G. would live about forty-eight hours. Then he went home and I was left all alone in the woods with a dying man, a crazy Mother and a baby boy. But as soon as the neighbors knew that Mr. G. was past doing any more harm, then they come. I think the doctor must of told them for all the neighbors was nice people. Only Mr. Gleason was such a dreadful man. The people all feared him. I shall never forget the day when the doctors came to examine his body. There was four of them. They all wore stove pipe hats. They took them off and then one spoke and asked the rest if they was all ready. They said yes, then they took off their coats and all put on long white gloves. Went and took him out on the green in front of the pantry window. There was no one to look after me, so I made up my mind I would know what was going to be done next. So I went in the pantry. I could just stand on my toes and look out of the window. I was so small from being half fed. Then when I see his head took off and in the doctor's hands, I knew I had nothing more to fear from him.

One lady asked me the day of the funeral what I thought of it and I told her he never could hurt me anymore now. Well, she said, "I always expected to come to this house on this same occasion, but I thought it would be the other one." They all thought he would kill Mother or me. Mother often wondered why he would always be gone nights and sleep days, but I found out in after years he was a road agent to rob people. He always kept two good horses, had money, but Mother did not know how or where

he got it. Well, after he died, Mother was insane along time, so Grandmother took my brother, the baby, and took care of him, and a man took me home to live in his family with a lot of other children.

When I got there, I thought it a lovely home. They was all so kind to me except one girl they had, she always liked to hurt other children. I remember one trick she played on me. I had a boil up on my forehead, almost as large as an egg, and her father was afraid it was going to leave a bad scar on my face. It was one Monday morning, his wife and the hired girl had got us already for school when Kate asked me to go out with her the back way. Then when we got down by the barn, she turned around and struck me with her fists right on that boil and smashed it. Oh, how it did hurt. I went to the house, the blood and puss almost blinded me. It was in my eyes and all over my clean dress. Her father see me a coming and her behind me a laughing. Then he asked me how that boil got broke like that, and I knew if I told him, Kate would get a hard whipping and I never liked to see a child whipped, so I did not answer. So he asked me again and I did not answer. Then he said to me, "You are not a sulky child, and now I ask you for the third and last time, how that boil got broke and I want you to answer me now." So then I told him Kate happened to hit it. She still stood laughing. He said, "I know her happens too's." Then he told the hired girl to clean me up so he could dress the boil where it broke. Then he told Kate to come up to him. He took down his horse whip and how he did whip her. She stood and took it and never cried. She was so mad. Then he dressed the boil and told us to start for school. Well, I went with a sore head and Kate with smarting legs, but that boil never left a scar when it got well.

At that time, Mother went violently insane from pain and all the trouble she had gone through. When her brother went on trial for the killing of her husband, I was then at her brother-in-law's. He was kind to me. I did not fear him as I did most everyone. I remember one night as I came in from school, he called me up to him and said uncle wants to talk with you. So he set me on a stool at his feet and began to ask me questions about the killing of Mother's husband. I did not know her brother's lawyer sit behind a door writing down all I said, as I was the only one that see all the fight. Her brother was not liked very well, so at the trial, some that did not know everything about it at all, went and swore against him and told the time of day when the fight took place. But in the fight, his watch was broke and stopped, so at the trial in old Lenox, they took me up there and placed me up before twelve men. Then when the case was all heard, the man at the desk, I since knew he was the judge, held up the watch to the twelve men and told them to look at that watch and that little child, that was me. For in his mind, we was the only ones there that had spoke the truth. I did not have to say a word at the trial for the lawyer had it all wrote down the time he had uncle ask me the questions and he wrote the answers as he was hid behind the door, so as not to scare me. Them was read in court the day he came to have uncle ask me about the fight. Uncle told the lawyer he must not get where I could see him or I would be afraid and run and hide, if I see a stranger. So I sit and talked with uncle about it all until I looked through the other room door and see a stove-pipe hat. Then I jumped and run fast as my legs could carry me. I heard him tell uncle he got all he wanted to know. But at the trial I was scarred, but uncle placed me where they told him to. Then he told me I must sit still. No one was going to hurt me. I must look right at them men in front of me that sit up there. That old court house at Lenox burned down years ago now, but as I look back now, I remember just how it looked then with all them men looking straight at me and oh how scarred I was. But I did not dare stir for I had lived in constant fear for three long years, and if I see a stranger I got out of sight, if I could, for fear they would throw a knife or a club at me, just as Mother's husband used to do.

IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE TIME

No account of this event is more telling and powerful than Hannah Pixley's, her memory of what she witnessed as a child. Stories in contemporary issues of the Berkshire *Courier* and the Berkshire *Evening Eagle* generally corroborate Hannah Pixley's version of the fight itself, but they also reveal details and nuances surrounding the crime that add historical perspective to the personal account.

There were five separate stories, three in issues of the *Courier* dated July 20 and 27, 1870, and January 25, 1871, and two stories in one issue of the *Eagle* dated August 11, 1870. All report a visceral and mutual hatred between John Pixley and Orlin Gleason that apparently became focused on, or grew from, a dispute over some wagons. A reporter who interviewed John Pixley in jail wrote in the *Eagle* of August 11 that Pixley told him he "had loaned Gleason some wagons which he could not get him to return, so he sent for them and took them away. This seems to have aroused the Gleason ire, and the unfortunate fight took place at their first meeting." It must have been a powerful ire, for in the first *Courier* story Pixley says "Gleason threatened to take his life, and would dance on his coffin." Pixley met this venom with his own; in the second *Courier* story a week later, it was reported:

> Pixley had said subsequent to the affray, but previous to the death of Gleason, when told his skull was broken that he (Pixley) wished it was his neck...Pixley told somebody at Hartsville, that Gleason called him a thief, while lying on the ground, and unable to speak loud, but gasped and whispered out the obnoxious epithet, showing 'game' to the last.

Thus a murderous, mutual enmity is thoroughly documented. The local response to its consequences may be evidence of the favor Pixley enjoyed over Gleason in their immediate locality. The *Eagle* of August 11 has it that "the murder of Orlin Gleason...and circumstances connected therewith, require more than a passing notice." The story continues:

After the fact that Gleason was dead, and that his death was caused by blows inflicted by Pixley, was known to all in this vicinity, had it not been for action of others than the proper authorities of this town [Great Barrington], the remains of the murdered man would have been consigned to the grave without the least investigation of the circumstances attending the murder, and Pixley today would have been as free as you or me, and none would have ever inquired of him why did you so? And this state of things existed, notwithstanding the fact that in the same school district where the murder was committed, and fully cognizant of the facts, lives one of the selectmen of the town, who is also justice of the peace, who held and exercised the office of trial justice until our district court dispensed with his services in that capacity, a man who has formerly held the office of Deputy Sheriff for many years, and who s[h]ould but have known that there being no coroner in the town it became his duty, of all other men, to move in the matter. But no, the people waited, but waited in vain, until some private citizens, unwilling that such a reproach as the burial of the murdered man without an inquest would occasion, should rest upon the town, called upon Noah Gibson, Esq., to see if these things *must be*. While talking with Mr. Gibson, one of the selectmen of Gt. Barrington, accompanied by a physician, came along on their way to investigate the matter, they having heard that there was a prospect of the remains being interred without an inquest; and thus the citizens of New Marlboro were subjected to a humiliation which they do most keenly feel, and which they will be slow to forget. Under the impetus received from this outside source, a jury was summoned, and Harlow S. Underwood, Esq., the selectman above referred to, officiated as coroner; facts were elicited which were deemed sufficient to warrant the arrest of Pixley, which was accordingly done, and he was duly examined before Judge Sumner of our district court, and by him committed until next January court to be holden at Pittsfield.

There were more people there anxious to hear the trial than could enter the court room; the stairs were crowded, and it was judged that more than one hundred people were obliged to go away, not being able to hear the examination. Pixley is an able-bodied man, weighing about 160 pounds, and 36 years old. It was urged upon the Court that he had never been known to strike a man before. There was no eye witness to the fight between Pixley and Gleason except Pixley's sister, the widow of Gleason, and her testimony was incoherent and wholly unreliable, as she was evidently not in her right mind, and was a raving maniac on the night after the court, and it was necessary to confine her with cords for some days after the trial. Therefore, in absence of direct and disinterested testimony we must draw upon the probabilities of the case.

Pixley's story before the court was that he drew near the house of Gleason and sat in his wagon in the road, when Gleason came out to him, his eyes looking like two balls of fire and instantly commenced throwing stones at him, from the size of goose eggs to that of quart bowls, meanwhile calling him a d——d thief and robber, and various hard names, swearing he would kill him and dance on his corpse, etc. Pixley was compelled to leave his wagon to dodge the stones, but Gleason pressing hard upon him, stoning and kicking him, Pixley commenced whipping Gleason with the lash of his whip, but was obliged to turn the butt and finally was obliged to jump into his wagon and drive off, while Gleason followed him filling the air with stones, still threatening his life. Thus you will see that he made it a war of self defence on his part. But the public must judge for themselves whether the story is a rational one or not. Whether a man 58 years old, sickly and so much emaciated that although of quite a large frame the physician thought he would not weight over 105 lbs., who had received 18 contusions upon his head, whose skull was broken in two places, whose body upon the breast bore marks of many blows. It is for the public to judge whether a man of the above description, after having received the wounds that Gleason had received, would follow a man, stoning, cursing, and threatening him as he went. Some weeks previous to the murder, the parties had a dispute in Hartsville, in the course of which Gleason taunted Pixley with being a thief, and abused him with his tongue as was his custom to abuse all he did not like. The assault was made on Sunday afternoon, Gleason died the following Tuesday morning before daylight. On Monday evening, previous to Gleason's death, Pixley was informed in the store at Hartsville that Gleason's skull was broken, in two places.; he replied that he wished it was broken in four places, wished it had been his neck, would have been glad if he had killed the d——n cuss, &c. It is a question in the minds of many whether Pixley was repelling an assault upon his person or was goaded into madness by the tongue of Gleason.

Another story in the same edition of the *Eagle* (August 11), based on an interview with Pixley in jail at Lenox, reports that

> Pixley first heard of the fatal result when he enquired for whom the bell was tolling, and was arrested for the crime as he was harnessing his horse to attend the funeral of his victim. As told by him there is [sic] certainly extenuating circumstances, and he is hopeful of acquittal, or at least a light sentence. He is terribly saddened over the affair, has very little to say to visitors, and spends most of him [sic] time reading the bible. He is a man of some property, and his neighbors accord him the usual respect of a well-behaved, industrious citizen.

This description of the situation a few weeks after the fight contrasts with the first *Courier* report on July 20, one day after Gleason's death and the very day of the inquest. That report concluded, "The testimony at the inquest was severe upon Pixley, and it may go hard with him."

In the end, it did not "go hard" with John Pixley. At the trial in January of the following year, 1871, Mary Jane Pixley

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recounted the fight much as Hannah Climena does. They were the sole witnesses (not counting the infant Arthur Gleason), and both mention Gleason using a fence stake in his assault on Pixley. Her credibility was in doubt, however, because of her close relations with both combatants, and because of her manner on the stand. In the *Courier* of January 25, 1871, we read:

> The testimony of Gleason's widow was as much as she could make it in favor of her brother. Hers was a hard position for a woman, the widow of a murdered man testifying in favor of the murderer, and yet how could she be expected to swear against her brother? It is a great pity that she could not be left out of the case...
>
> The appearance and actions of this woman on the stand were very singular; she would laugh and gabble, and was evidently either hysterical or confused out of her senses by the recollections of the bloody event or the embarrassing circumstance of being a witness in such a case.

The jury heard seven witnesses for the prosecution and four for the defense. One of two defense attorneys, a Mr. Branning, made the closing argument, "which is spoke of as being a strong and eloquent one. He occupied about an hour and the District Attorney about half that time in reply." Following an afternoon of deliberation by the jury, Pixley was found guilty of manslaughter. At sentencing, Mr. Branning

> spoke of the prisoner's previous good character, of the evident absence of any malignity or intent to kill on the part of Pixley; of his motherless children, and the hardship of having already been 6 months in jail without a chance of bail. Mr. Gillett [the Attorney General] made no opposition. Pixley on being asked if he desired to say anything said, "He could declare his innocence before God and man; the testimony against him was all false." The judge then said that it was his practice where a life had been taken to pass a heavy sentence, but in consideration of the paper presented by the jurymen, and the statements of the counsel, he would impose but a light sentence, which was imprisonment in the Berkshire House of Correction, at hard labor, for three years.

— Peter Murkett

THE OBSERVER - JANUARY

The month in '96 was 8° colder on average than January '95, when we had extreme warmth and lots of rain—but total precipitation this January more than doubled that of last year's rainy beginning: 11.55" as compared with 4.35". January of 1994 was cold enough to make headlines across the country as well as in the Berkshires, but it was only 2° colder on average than this past January. We write now in the second prolonged thaw of the winter, a late February sun warming bare ground into the nostrils.

High temp (1/19)	52°
Low temp. (1/6)	-12°
Wind-chilled low temp. (1/5)	-53°
Avg. high temp.	30°
Avg. low temp.	12°
Avg. temp.	21°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	20.4°
Precip. occ.	14 days
Rainfall	7.71"
Snowfall	55.75"
Total precip.	11.55"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.08"
High bar. press. (1/16)	30.50"
Low bar. press. (1/19)	29.31"
High humidity (1/5)	90%
Low humidity (1/17)	61%
Avg. wind speed	3.47 mph
High wind gust (1/28)	44 mph

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PAUL J. CARNESE, SR.

Paul J. Carnese Sr., father of Paul Jr., died on January 29, 1996, at 101 years of age.

Paul Sr. spent summers in Monterey on Lake Garfield with his son and daughter-in-law Caroline from 1980 until 1994, when he entered a senior residence in Amityville, New York. In addition to his son and daughter-in-law, of Lake Garfield and Longboat Key, he leaves twelve grandchildren and twenty-four great grandchildren.

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Readers Re-Enlist

January 30, 1996

To the Editor:

I don't know how we missed the boat and wound up with our subscription lapsed. Anyway, here's a donation, and a request that you start us up again.

Your poetry page has certainly come a long way. January, 1996, was magnificent!

Best,
Mary Ellen & Joe Levin

Last spring we sent out address cards along with, but independent of, our annual appeal for funds, hoping to update our mailing list—toward lean (to save postage)—but not mean. The list got so bony we wondered if some loyal readers simply lost the well-intentioned address cards, and thus fell off the list by accident.

You are hereby restored. If this has happened to anyone else reading these words—come back! We want you to read the News*! Call or write, and we'll set you up again. Remember, subscribers needn't be donors: the* News *is mailed to everyone who requests it.*

Glad you like the poetry.

—Ed.

McLendon, Pixley Stories Read

February 10, 1996

To the Editor:

I have been following with interest the plight of the McLendon property and am awaiting the results of the Select Board with the hope the MPLT can exercise their option to acquire this valuable property.

Just by chance in our local newspaper this week was an article (one in a series of three) proclaiming the value of larger intact tracts of land for wildlife. It is encouraging to note that other towns are also fighting to keep open land.

Having grown up in Monterey, I look forward eagerly each month to the *Monterey News*. I have been following the story Hannah Climena Pixley is unfolding to us. What courage for survival.

Keep up the good work! Here is my contribution to keep my copy coming.

Sincerely,
Leslie Ward Paine

THEODORE TCHACK

Theodore A. Tchack, 64, of Tyringham Road, died January 26 at home.

Known as Ted, he was born January 27, 1931, in Baltimore, Maryland, the son of Harry and Fannie Nusinow Tchack. He attended schools in Baltimore and graduated from City College High School and Johns Hopkins University. He received his master's degree from New York State University. Mr. Tchack served the military for two years in the Korean conflict.

He was a high school English teacher for twenty-five years in New York City and Long Island, retiring in 1981. Ted was a teacher known for "being there" for his students, and giving his all in everything he did.

He and his wife, the former Leah Kneller, moved to Monterey in 1983, after their marriage in Baltimore.

Mr. Tchack was a member of the board of directors of the former Great Barrington Visiting Nurse Association; a member of Massachusetts Parents Anonymous and Berkshire Task Force for Parents and Children; and president of the board of directors of Gould Farm. He received the Berkshire Volunteer Award from the Junior League and Berkshire Eagle in 1988.

A crossword puzzle fanatic, he wrote puzzles himself and founded a company to publish them. His family was central to his life; he became a father and grandfather, and was a father-figure to many.

Mr. Tchack is survived by an extended family of children, stepchildren, and grandchildren. His sister, Betty Newman, predeceased him.

A funeral was held on Monday, January 29, at Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home. Burial followed at Corashire Cemetery, Monterey. The family suggests that those who desire may make memorial contributions to Gould Farm in care of the funeral home.

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PERSONAL NOTES

Our hearty congratulations to **John** and **Gina Miller** of Hupi Road, the proud new parents of a son, **Max Chapin**, born on January 24 at Fairview Hospital in Great Barrington.

Hats off to all Monterey students named to area honor roll lists for the second marking period. At Mt. Everett, **Julia Gallagher** made Honors in grade ten; **Shaylan Burkhart** earned High Honors, and **William Conklin, Jaclyn Hinchliffe, Joseph Kopetchny, Kathryn Kopetchny** and **Jeffrey Pilot** all made Honors in grade eleven; **Jason Tanner** achieved Honors in grade twelve. Also, in grade seven, **Kimberly Gero** and **Katherine Vallianos** earned High Honors, and **Hannah Bracken** and **Cristina Temenos** made Honors; in grade eight, **Michael Bynack** earned Honors.

At Monument Mountain, **Arianna Aerie** and **David Shea** earned High Honors, and **Gabriel Schulze** earned Honors in grade nine; **Bethany Sadlowski** achieved Honors in grade ten. At Searles Middle School, **Maggie Clawson** and **Mariah Rutherford-Olds** achieved High Honors in grade seven; **Jamie Thomson** earned High Honors in grade eight.

At Berkshire School in Sheffield, freshman **Lucy Rosenthal** earned Honors for the second marking period and the first semester.

Diana Lazzarini earned Honors and was named to the Dean's List for the fall semester at Berkshire Community College.

Wow! It's great to see so many Monterey names on these lists! Congratulations, and keep up the great work, all of you!

And three cheers for Mt. Everett wrestlers **Joe Kopetchny** and **Jason Tanner**, who were both crowned Western Mass champions in their respective weight classes, and helped boost their team to a second-place finish in the Division 3 tournament held in Sheffield in early February. Both wrestlers thus advanced to the State Division 3 meet in Wayland, where Jason earned a second-place finish at 171 lbs., and Joe a third-place finish at 130 lbs. What an exciting season—hats off to both of you!

Very happy birthday wishes this month to **Arnold Garber, Graham Quisenberry** and **Jeremy Vallianos** on March 1, to **Janet Garber** on March 7, to **Anne Marie O'Connor** on March 8, to **Bob Gauthier** on March 10, to **Valerie Costas** and **Bonner McAllester** on March 13, to **Barbara Shea** on March 14, to **Annabel Edelman** on March 17, to **Bill Thieriot** on March 19, to **Carol Edelman** on March 23, to **Conrad Morrissey** on March 26, to **Alf Pedersen** and **Ellen Pedersen** on March 27, to **Roma Foreman** on March 29, and to **Barbara Gauthier, Diana Lazzarini** and also **Ray Ward**, who will celebrate his eighty-fifth on March 31.

News or birthday greetings you'd like to share? Please give me a call at 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23. Your contributions are welcome!

— Stephanie Grotz

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CALENDAR

Sundays, March 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31 AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Wednesday, March 6 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Saturday, March 9 Republican Caucus at the firehouse, 1:30 p.m.

Tuesday, March 19 Free blood pressure clinic, 9–10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Wednesday, March 20

Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Quarterly meeting of town officeholders, board members, citizens, 7 p.m. in the Town Hall.

Pick up daffodils ordered to benefit American Cancer Society, Monterey General Store.

Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Friday, March 15 Deadline for requests for appropriations in the town budget.

Saturday, March 16 Rabies Clinic for dogs and cats at the firehouse, 1:30–2:30 p.m. Fee $9 per animal.

Friday, March 29 Deadline for submission of articles for inclusion on the warrant of the Annual Town meeting.

Saturday, March 23

Special Town Meeting regarding Wilson/McLaughlin property, 9 a.m. in the firehouse.

Cabin Fever Community Fair, Sandisfield Firehouse, 4–8:30 p.m. See article, p. 4, this issue.

Twelfth Annual Maple Sugar Moon Square and Contra dance Party, Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8–12 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel with Joe Baker, guest caller Sarah Gregory Smith of Salem, Mass. Everyone is welcome. Special halftime entertainment for the whole family includes singing with Bill and Sarah Smith,and a performance by mable and Moon, Belles of the Berkshires. Refreshments included. Adults $8, children $3. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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We invite readers to submit letters, news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings, and photographs. Please send submissions by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor.

Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail to Barabara Tryon, Business Manager.

Address your request for advertising rates and information to the Editor. For further information, telephone the Editor at 413-528-3454 evenings, or 528-9937 days.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, p. 22; Maureen Banner, pp. 4, 9, 19; Erika Crofut, p. 15; Bonner McAllester, p. 14; Pete Murkett, pp. 6, 12, 13, 20.

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